# The Champion's Child

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While researching in the Kalos library, Cynthia overhears a mother and child having a discussion that has her grow suspicious. The librarian helps her find out where they live, and her suspicions are confirmed. And now, it's up to her to help Harry Potter recover...

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Introduction
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The Kalos reign was one that was soaked in its lore of an old war and that of an ultimate weapon. It was a researcher's paradise, and the champion of the Sinnoh region was currently enjoying her time in a library with a good history book.

To the average person that glanced her way they would see a beautiful young woman with long flowing blond hair that also covered one side of her pretty face. She smiled with content as she leaned back dressed in stylish black clothing.

In her hands was a book of Kalos mythology and she was totally engrossed with it. She loved mythology and when she heard stories from passing challengers about the regions mysteries it didn't take her long to travel to this land.

'So an ancient king wanted to bring his Pokémon back to life, so he used the weapon to give his Pokémon a new life. It worked and, the king decided to use the device to end the great war.' She smiled wide at this. 'This is amazing!'

"WHY ARE WE HERE!?"

The blonde winced and stared over at a mother and her child with an unamused expression on her face before shaking her head and looking away. 'Some people...' She thought, exasperated.

"Because, Duddikins, we need to get some books to help you study." The older woman explained.

"Why can't the freak do my work for me?!" Cynthia raised a brow at this.

'Freak? What on Earth is that boy talking about?'

"Because the teachers are getting suspicious dear." She explained walking him down the aisle of books. The large child following her with a pout.

"Then have daddy hit him harder!"

That got the champions attention as she turned her head to the two as the horse woman just sighed and shook her head. Her visible eye narrowed as she observed the two.

"We have tried Dudley the little freak just seems to be too smart for its own good." She said annoyed, more at the thing they were talking about then her own son.

Cynthia did not like what the two were talking about. It sounded an awful lot like they were abusing someone. She closed her book and walked up to the librarian who was giving the two a glare.

"Excuse me. I would like to rent this please." She said.

The librarian looked at her and smiled. "Of course, dear." She replied, taking the book. Cynthia nodded.

"Thank you." The older woman checked out the book. "Miss, you seem familiar with those two."

"Oh yes, they come here every week." The librarian replied. "I'm a bit hard of hearing...I can't hear what they're saying. But I can tell from the customers' reaction that they're not pleasant." Cynthia nodded.

"Yes, well, they're saying some quite disturbing things, actually." She said, a hand on her hip.

"Oh?" she asked concern. "Does it have anything to do with the other boy?"

"Other boy?" Cynthia asked confused.

The woman nodded. "Oh yes. The poor deer. He comes in from time to time getting books or hiding from the other boy and his friends. I asked him why he needs the books…but he would never tell me." She said sadly.

"Is he homeless?" she asked feeling concern for this small child.

The woman let out a sigh and shook her head. "No, and that's the part that makes me worried. He lives with those two." She said nudging her head over to the still very loud boy and the woman. "I've never seen them together but I know he lives with them."

Cynthia narrowed her eyes in thought. "They were talking about possible abuse…" she whispered to her.

The librarian's eyes widened in shock. "No..." She breathed. Cynthia nodded.

"I'm afraid so..." She replied.

"I...I don't even..." Cynthia held up her hand.

"Calm down." She said with a smile. "I'll handle them."

"But how...?" Smirking, Cynthia held up her card.

SINNOH CHAMPION CYNTHIA

The woman's eyes grew wide and stared at the woman with hope. She reached down and wrote something on the paper before handing it to the champion. "Here is their address. Please help him."

Cynthia nodded as she took the paper. "I will miss." She prayed for her book and left the library and started her walk to the small neighborhood listed on the sheet of paper. Lucky for her it was close by.

She walked down the street and held back a shiver at the many house. They all looked the same it was seemed unnatural for the

champion. She shook it off as she found the house she was looking for. And it looked no different than the other houses…scary.

Shaking her head, she walked up to the front door and knocked on the door. Her eyes narrowed and ready.

She heard yelling on the other side of the door. Then it opened. "Yes?" An obese man asked.

"Hello there." Cynthia greeted, arms crossed.

"And who might you be?" Cynthia presented her card and Vernon narrowed his eyes. He hated Pokemon, the freaky bloody things...

The man tightened his face and gave off a fake smile. "Well hello there champion. What brings you to my home?" he asked.

Cynthia huffed at his fake tone. "Sir I have been given reports on a second child of yours being abused."

The man gave a mock look of shock, "What? Impossible! We care for our two children." He said with hidden bitterness.

"Then do you mind if I see your other child?" she asked.

The man's eyes narrowed. "He's busy right now." He tried to close the door but her boot stopped it.

"I insist sir. I just want to ask him a few questions." She said.

The man gave her a stiff look before letting off a sigh and opening the door. "Fine. He's in the living room to your left." He said stiffly.

Cynthia nodded. "Thank you." She said, her stern tone not leaving her. Shaking her head, she stepped into the room. She saw right through the man's attitude. He was NOT happy she was here...

She entered the living room and frowned when she saw the boy.

He was small. VERY small. He looked like he was still a baby, for crying out loud!

And here he was trying to vacuum!

The boy was reaching up on his tip toes to try and reach the on switch for the vacuum. He pouted adorably when he couldn't. He leaned back down and thought of a way to get the switch to turn on. He had done it many times, but his arms were tired and the darn thing was heavier then usual.

He took a step to the side and felt his foot connect with the wire causing him to fall on his face with a loud crack. He winced in pain as he felt explosive pain in his nose. He closed his eyes and tried to hide the tears that were starting to fall not noticing that his shirt had ridden up in the back.

It was there that Cynthia saw the sight she will never forget. Whip marks. Scars all across his tiny back. Some looked fresh! She spun around with her eyes fit into a heated glare at the now very pale man.

He looked at her and took a step back. "I can…"

'POW'

Vernon went down curtesy of the right hook of the Sinnoh league champion.

She stood, staring sternly at the man on the floor. "So THIS is what I find, huh?" She hissed. "Doing chores he's too young to be doing...Trying to hide the injuries you gave him...What do you have to say for yourself?!" Vernon looked away.

"N-Never you mind...It's not important-"

"How DARE you say that!" Cynthia snapped. "This is your FAMILY! You're supposed to love and cherish him! But all you've done is hurt

him!"

"He's NOT my family-"

"HE IS!"

"NO! THAT IS A FREAK OF NATURE!" Vernon screamed pointing at a now wide eyed Harry Potter who was covering his bloody nose. The boy flinched back and closed his eyes with a sulk. Enraging the woman more so.

"We took IT out of the cold out of the goodness of our hearts. So IT is not family but property." He explained. Only to be wacked again, this time by a pokeball that opened and in a flash of light Vernon was staring into the snout of a very large land shark dragon.

Cynthia's one visible eye was narrowed into the most heated glares she had ever given anyone. "Watch him." Was her cold reply. The Pokémon only nodded not fazed by her cold tone.

He had traveled with her for as long as he could remember so he had an easy time picking up on her emotions. At the moment they were pure rage for the overweight human before it. It let out a low growl as its dorsal fin stuck up more and it showed its teeth.

Cynthia took a deep breath and turned and walked over to the child who still had his head down. Her gaze softened into sadness as she keeled down to him and reached out gently to his face.

He filched away his head snapping up to stare into concerned gray eyes.

He looked at her and sniffled for several moments. He had no idea how to respond to this...Cynthia picked up on his shyness, and made the first move.

"Hello there, dear." She greeted gently. "Are you alright?" Harry blinked. Something about this woman...She made him feel...safe. He

felt like he could talk to her.

"M-My nose...It hurts..." He whimpered. Cynthia nodded.

"I understand that." She replied. "Come here. Let me see." Harry hesitated for a moment before stepping forward. Cynthia gently cupped his chin in her hand and looked at his nose. "Hmm...I'm sure I can fix that."

"You…can?" he asked hesitantly wondering if she can make his pain go away.

She gave him a nod. She reached in her small bag she had carried with her and pulled out some sports tape. She had to keep her figure in some way. She placed it next to her and gave the child a sympathetic glance. "This will hurt for a little bit okay?" she asked him.

He gave her a hesitant nod and she reached up to his nose and quickly bet it back making the child wince in pain but he did not cry out. She reached down and used the sports tape to keep his nose in the right place. She had done this tons of times. After all, exploring caves, you get all kinds of injury's.

"That should do." She said softly. She reached up and ruffled his hair making him pout adorably at her. She smiled at his cute look. "What's your name?"

The child blinked at her before looking down. "Freak…" he muttered depressingly.

Cynthia sighed deeply, then turned to look at Vernon. "His REAL name." She said sternly.

"...Harry..." The man mumbled, afraid to incur the wrath of the Garchomp.

"Thank you." Cynthia turned back to Harry with a small smile. "It's nice to meet you, Harry."

"I...I didn't know that was my name..." Cynthia patted his head.

"Well...It's definitely better than 'Freak', isn't it?"

"I guess..."

She gave him a small grin and shook her head. "You guess?" she asked in a light tone.

"Well…" he looked up at his hair that was covering some parts of his upper face. "I don't like having so much hair…" he mumbled.

The champion covered her lips as an amused giggle escaped her. "Aww. Well then you need to get it clipped then."

"I…would like that…" he mumbled shyly.

'SLAM'

The two had jumped at the loud noise and Cynthia had wrapped her arms around the child protectively on instinct. When nothing happened the champion opened her eyes and looked around before looking behind her and she cocked an eyebrow at the sight.

It seemed Vernon had tried to hit Garchomp with a lamp. This annoyed the Pokemon. It had responded by punching Vernon square in the nose. The punch had rendered Vernon unconscious. Cynthia giggled.

"He thought he could get the jump on you, did he?" She asked her Pokemon with a quirked brow. Garchomp snorted and crossed his arms. "Yes, I can understand your annoyance."

"M-Miss...What is that...?" Cynthia smiled at the little boy.

"That's my Garchomp. I know he can be a little bit frightening-"

"Can...Can I pet it...?"

She stared down at the child with wide eyes before looking back up at her Pokemon to see it was surprised as well. He looked up at her and did a shrug motion.

She started to giggle much to Harrys confusion and Garchumps annoyance.

"Did I say something funny?" he asked softly.

The champion shook her head. "No child." She took a deep breath to calm herself. "Of course you can pet him. But you must ask him first." She said walking over to the Pokémon.

Harry stared up at the land shark with wide amazed eyes. To the shock of the Pokémon there was hardly any fear in his green eyes.

"Can…Can I pet you…Mr. Shark…?" he asked.

The Pokemon blinked before slowly lowering his head. Harry smiled and reached out carefully. Then, he placed his hand atop Garchomp's head and began to stroke him gently and carefully.

The large Pokemon smiled. He was as good at this as his trainer was...It was nice.

Harry was delighted when the large Pokemon leaned into his hand. "He's happy!" He said, excited. Cynthia nodded.

"Yes, that he is." She replied. "Very, VERY happy."

The Pokémon lowered its head lower surprising the champion greatly. He wasn't…was he?

"What is Mr. Shark doing?" he asked.

Cynthia shook away her surorprise for a genuine smile as she looked down at the child. "I think…he wants you to ride him."

"Ride…him?" he asked and the land shark nodded its head.

Harry was hesitant but gave a slow nod. "Okay…"

Cynthia lifted him up and placed him on the large neck of Garchomp. The Pokémon lifted his head and gave his trainer a smile as it directed its head to the phone.

She gave him a thankful smile and gave the child's hand a light squeeze. "I'll be right back. Need to make a phone call." She said.

Harry nodded holding on as Garchhomp walked around getting giggles from the little boy. It was a very heartwarming sound to both Trainer and Pokémon.

Smiling, the blonde dialed a number on her phone. It rang before quickly being picked up. "Hello, what's your emergency?" Came the voice of an Officer Jenny.

"Yes, I'd like to report child abuse." Cynthia replied. "Number Four Privet Drive."

"All right. We'll be there right away."

"Thank you."

And with that, she ended the call.

"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS!" only to wince at the very loud screech that had penetrated her ears.

The champion and Pokemon turned to the open door to see a humanoid Ponyta with no flames, and vastly uglier then the adorable fire horses. Though by the look in the woman's eyes where any indication they would have been burned alive.

Garchomp lowered itself into a battle stance when he felt Harry tense whimper and felt his grip tighten. He let out a low warning growl to the woman.

Cynthia walked next to her partner and stared down the woman with a glare of her own. "Who are you?" she asked.

"I AM THE LADY OF THE HOUSE!" she shreaked causing both Pokemon and trainer to wince.

"Can you turn in down a bit? I like my hearing thank you." She said plainly.

"WHY IS MY HUSBAND ON THE FLOOR?! WHY IS THAT THING IN MY HOUSE?!" Her glare turned dark when she spotted the small boy. "AND WHY IS THAT FREAK ON IT!?"

Cynthia punched her. "That's enough out of you." She said sternly to the now floored Petunia. "I am trying to fix the damage you did to this poor boy." Petunia opened her mouth. "Not a word out of you. Not. One. Word."

"You-" Cynthia shook her head and held up her card.

"Don't. Mess. With me." She said sternly. Petunia shut her mouth. Cynthia looked over at Harry and Garchomp. "I'm sorry you had to see that."

"Y-You're not gonna hurt my aunt anymore...right...?" Harry asked timidly.

The champion let out a sigh and looked over at the angered/scared woman on the ground. "Not unless she asks for it." She said.

Harry thought about it before giving a light nod burying his head in the Pokemon's ruff hide. She smiled up at him glaring at the woman who gagged at the display.

Garchomp opened its mouth to show a chaotic and wild energy start to form scaring the woman as she backed away. It closed its mouth with a huff. Its eyes glaring at the woman. Anyone messed with the boy…will get hurt!

Cynthia rolled her eyes at her partner but she had a small amused grin on her face. A soft knock on the door caused everyone to look over at the female officer clothed in blue.

The officer's eyes grew wide as she stood at attention. "Champion Cynthia! An honor!" she said saluting the woman.

Cynthia chuckled. "At ease, officer." Jenny blushed and dropped her hand.

"Sorry...Big fan..." She said, grinning sheepishly.

"Oh? That's very nice." Cynthia replied with a closed-eyed smile.

"Now, where is this child abuser?" Jenny asked.

"He's lying on the floor." Cynthia replied. "He thought it would be a smart idea to try and fight my Garchomp, and...well, he's knocked out."

Jenny looked over at the knocked out man with surprise. "Wow…not the smartest tool in the shed huh?"

"Don't talk about my husband that way!" the woman shouted standing up with a growl.

The officer turned to her with surprise. "I take it you are an abuser as well?"

"Abuser?" She asked confused before realization hit. "Oh that. We did what any normal family would do with a freak. We were doing the world it's civic duty by beating IT and making IT learn its place." She said bitterly.

You could hear a pin drop it was so quiet.

Cynthia's hair covered her eyes but her fists where clenched tight. However, it was not her that struck first.

"GARCHOMP!" The land shark shouted as it shot a flamethrower right at her hair!

"AHHHHHHHH" the woman screamed as she ran outside her hair set ablaze. The two woman could only watch with wide eyes before the champion snorted and started to giggle.

The officer looked over at her confused. "What's so funny?"

"She…She…She looks more like a Ponyta now!" she said in between breaths as she was laughing hard.

Jenny blinked, then snorted when she got a good look at the woman. "Okay, I'd better put her out now..."

Cynthia continued to giggle. Harry was pouting. "Her hair's on fire. Is she gonna be okay?" He asked.

"Yes, I'm sure she'll be fine." Cynthia replied. "I can't tell how long she'll last where she's going, but the nice police will stop the fire."

"Good...I don't want anyone hurt."

She smiled up at the child softly and opened her arms for him. Garchomp understood and leaned down so she can lift him from the land shark.

Harry nuzzled into her feeling warm and soft compared to the cool and ruff skin of the Pokémon.

"You are a good boy." She said softly to him making him stare up at her with shock.

"I…am?" he asked.

"Mmhmm." She nodded with a smile. "You don't want to see anyone hurt even those that hurt you. There aren't that many good souls in this world, but you my dear are one of them." She said.

Harry stared up at her teary eyed before he sniffed and nuzzled his face into her feeling…happy.

She smiled sadly down at him and ran her fingers through his hair. She looked up at her partner. "Can you help the nice officer lift the monster into her car please?"

Garchomp nodded, letting out a soft growl, before walking towards Jenny, who had finished putting the fire off of Petunia's head.

Cynthia smiled, then rose to her feet. "So...As I'm sure you know, your aunt and uncle won't be raising you anymore." Harry tilted his head.

"Why not?" He asked timidly.

"They're going to be...going away for a long, LONG time." She replied. "Oh, but don't worry! You WILL have a home."

"Wh-Where...?" Cynthia smiled.

"Well...I'll give you a hint...She's someone who cares about you very, VERY much."

She giggled lightly at his confused look and gave him a small kiss on his forehead making him gasp up at her. "Y-You…?"

She nodded at him. "Yes."

He felt fresh tears start to build and he buried his head in herself again.

"W-Whats going on?" A voice behind them spoke up.

The champion turned around to see a large boy staring up at her with wide confused eyes. His eyes narrowed, "Why are you holding the freak?" he asked honestly curios.

Her eyes narrowed. 'So they corrupted their own too I see.' She thought before sighing. "Please don't call him that." She said softly.

Dudley stared up at her confused for a second. "W-Why not?"

"How would you like it if someone called you names?" she asked.

Dudley frowned. "I'd just beat them up if they called me names." Cynthia shook her head.

"You really think that's the right thing to do?"

"Yeah. They insulted me. They should be hurt." Cynthia sighed.

"No, no... That kind of behaviour never ends well for anyone involved." She replied. "It could lead to some very serious trouble."

"Wh-What do you mean...?"

"What happens when you find someone you can't fight back against?" she asked.

"I-I" he lowered his head not sure.

She let out a sigh. "Violence dose not solve problems young one. Your parents taught you that I understand, but as one from the world around you let me say this. When you go through life throwing fists… what will it lead too when there is no one to throw one for you?" she asked.

Dudley lowered his head looking at his fist. "…I…am alone…" he muttered.

She gave him a soft sigh. "That is the amazing thing about youth." She commented making him look up at her. "It allows those to try one lifestyle…and decide another if it leads down a path they don't wish to walk."

"Gar…"

She looked over at Garchomp as it walked back over to her. She smiled up at her partner. "You can still choose your path. Walk it… your way…without using your fists to solve everything." She said to the child.

She started to walk away Garchomp following her. She smiled down at Harry and cooed when she saw he had fallen asleep. She looked over at her partner and grinned. "Let's go home."

"B-But what about Dudley...?" Harry looked at Dudley, who looked as though he was deep in thought. Cynthia smiled.

"He'll be fine, dear." She replied. Harry frowned.

"Dudley...?" He asked. "W-Will you be fine?" Dudley looked at his cousin.

"I...I think so..." He gave a small wave. "B-Bye Fr-I...I mean...Harry..."

Harry was stunned for a moment before waving back. "Bye…" he muttered.

Cynthia smiled at him knowing that everything was going to be alright. She held back a smirk as she thought about how all the other Champions will react to the fact that she was adopting. She could only imagine the shocked looks.

She didn't care what they thought. She was going to raise this little one with love. She smiled down at the small child who smiled up at her timidly. Something tells her that it will be an amazing journey.